



Hunted



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Chapter 1 by TeleWoof

I swerved quickly to the right, slamming the gas down under my feet, barely avoiding hitting the police car that was attempting to slam onto my right side.

"Hey, kid- just come out of the car, and we won't hurt ya!", the policeman yelled.

I didn't answer. I just concentrated on the difficult driving it was taking not to scratch my car. Sure, I was only 11, but I could drive a car, and I couldn't count the times someone had said, "Watch your language" or "Wash your mouth ya little monster". So, basically, in all ways except age, I was an adult.

Then the police car collided with me, showering me in glass. I felt something hit the back of my head, and I was out cold.

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